

The Paducah Daily Sun

VOL. IX. NO. 210

PADUCAH, KENTUCKY, MONDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1902.

10 CENTS PER WEEK

GREAT CROWD OUT

Last Night About 7000 Men Heard
Rev. Sam Jones.

All the Services Yesterday Were Well
Attended and Great Interest
Manifested.

REVIVAL DRAWS VAST CROWDS

Not since Sam Jones' former visit to Paducah, ten years ago, has such a revival of religion swept over the city as is sweeping over it at present. It is said that there was never before so large a Saturday night's congregation as the one that gathered the past Saturday to listen to the noted evangelist. He took his text from I Kings, 2 chap 1 and 2 verses: "Now the days of David drew nigh that should die, and he charged Solomon his son, saying: 'I go the way of all the earth; be thou strong, therefore, and show thyself a man.' His address was particularly to the young people and his earnest words went straight to the hearts of his listeners. At the close of his remarks about three hundred went forward asking for the prayers of Christians, that they might live a better life.

Sunday morning was the great union meeting. Long before 10:30, the hour set for the song service, the building was filled, and people continued coming in until the sermon was half finished.

Before Mr. Jones announced his text he said that he understood that up to the time of the first service there had not been one dollar raised to pay the expenses of the meeting. That he supposed the preachers considered it useless to ask for it, as the people paid entirely too much for whiskey and beer. However, the expenses must be met and the congregation would have it to pay so they might as well do it without any further talk.

After the collection had been taken up Mr. Seagle sang a solo and Mr. Jones then gave out his text, Joshua, 24 Chap. 15 verse, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve, but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

"As we read this book," said he "we are impressed with God's wonderful goodness and mercy to Joshua. And until in the last verse, it never gives one grateful word from him. But when he does speak, mark you his words, 'Choose ye this day whom ye will serve, but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.'"

"As I read these verses the thought comes to me that God has also been wonderfully good to Sam Jones, and praise His holy name, thirty years ago I made my choice, turned my back on sin, and have tried to live a clean, righteous life ever since.

"Now the trouble with you Paducah people is that you go in squads and sets and when it becomes the fashion to do something every one goes in for that thing. And you're all going to hell just because it's fashionable to go. Why the biggest man in your town today is one of those damnable distillers. You're no standard, you dirty devils. You're a little one-horse gang, from snout to tail. You've got no manhood. Here you've got an elder in the Presbyterian church for mayor and he's letting this town drift bellward without a protest. Your manhood's all gone. It's fashionable to tip your hat to the man with the most money. The merchants make no protest—they want trade; the bankers make none—they want deposits; the lawyers—dirty little devils—they'd never protest—and I almost said the preachers. I tell you when you muzzle the preachers you have sounded the death knell of the town. A man who speaks his mind is called a crank. 'But, as Joshua said, I will be one out of 12, or 6 or 3 to stand by my God and what is right. What do you stand for you little half-headed devil you. Have you ever taken a stand to protect your home and loved ones? There's one good thing about it, if the devil gets the whole bunch of you, he won't get much. I'd rather go around with my mouth in a pout and have my say

when they changed them, than to go around with a well mouth and be afraid to speak my mind. Merchants don't care how many people go to hell, just so their trade increases. Bankers don't care, if their deposits increase, and some of you old women would rather see the town damned than to have a row. Oh! I was once with the gang. I was a good Democrat working for my party and going home drunk every night. And the politicians said, 'That's a fine young man. We'll honor him later on. When I was converted and stood for the right I was called a fool. And let me tell you people something. Just as sure as the Ohio river sweeps past this town, just as sure as the current of things sweeping you all to hell. You let the worst people in the community stand openly on your street corners, then every three or four months run them into court and fine them. Saloon keeps the same thing. Every once in a while fine them \$10. And these things are published in your papers, and no one has entered a protest. Here the preachers say they did try to have something done and the authorities would not listen. Well if you preachers would stop shooting popguns and go to shooting thieving gangs I bet they'd listen. And there would be dog bites for sale next day too. How this gang does need shooting into. There are protests and protests and you'll hear from the right kind. How can you preachers hope to fill up your churches if nothing is happening. Shell the woods; make the fur fly, and the people will go to hear you. Why I could get up a dog fight and have 10,000 people to see it, and you can't fill your churches. Preaching one day in Nashville I said to some of the city officials who were present: Here you have your saloons open on Sunday, your houses of ill fame running brazenly in defiance of the law, and they are not afraid of one of you. But when Sam Jones comes to town, everything is shut tight on Sunday. They are afraid of me and I thank God I'm somebody. And, you just come out tonight, and you'll see I'm only touching the high places now. Some of you old thugs say, 'Sam Jones had better be careful or he'll get done up.' Well, I've never been 'done up' to date. Have never been drummed out of town yet. I have lots of talk about it, but I have the drums, and I won't lend them."

Mr. Jones continued in this strain for some ten minutes longer then suddenly took on a more serious tone, and the remainder of his sermon was a plain serious talk on the first part of the text, "Choose ye therefore whom ye will serve." He brought out the fact that a choice was either of two things, and we could not take both. We cannot serve God and mammon, and be urged on his hearers the necessity of making the right choice. Showed the absurdity of trying to do both our own part and God's. If we will only repent of our sins, trust in Him and try to live a better life, God will take care of all the rest. Asking for the prayers of all good people, and urging every one to attend the services, he dismissed them with the benediction.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.
When Evangelist Sam Jones said in his announcements Saturday that the "Stump Digger's" sermon, which would be delivered by the Rev. George Stewart on Sunday afternoon was "one of the grandest things that ever fell from mortal lips" he did not fall far short of the truth and those who did not hear it certainly missed a rare treat. "Fine." "The best thing in that line that I ever heard" and such comments were all that could be heard from the congregation as they left the tabernacle.

The text upon which this eloquent discourse is based is found in Habakkuk, the 12 and 15 verses: "Woe unto him that buildeth a house with blood, and establisheth a city by iniquity; woe unto him that giveth his neighbor a drink; that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also."

Mr. Stewart began his discourse by speaking of the appearance and condition of our city on the Sabbath day—its open saloons, its hawdy houses, and the many other things that were a disgrace to the town and community. Spoke of the dark clouds hanging over country, clouds laden with sor-

Last Night's Memorable Scene.

The pen is not wielded that can truly describe the scene at the close of Sam Jones' sermon to men last night and the heart that was not touched by it is indeed one of stone.

Standing on the platform in his shirt sleeves, tired and worn out from his hard work of the past few days and a very sick man tears in his eyes, and his voice shaking with great emotion he told his audience why he, more than any man, alive, had the right to fight the liquor traffic.

He told how when just out of law school he came to Kentucky and married one of her fairest daughters and went Cartersville to live. For three years, he said, he was the worst of drunkards—stole the roses from the cheeks of his helpmate—roses that have never come back. He was made to see the error of his way and reformed, and for 35 years has been fighting the fight for God. "But to this day," he said, "the whiskey appetite is hounding me, hounding me to death and I won't feel safe from a drunkard's grave till life's battle is ended."

"Ten years ago my sister went to Atlanta with two of the brightest boys in this world. They found the whiskey habit somehow and both became drunkards of the worst type. One day one of them in a drunken brawl killed his best friend, his chum. He was tried and convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary. When I heard it I went to Atlanta and found my poor, dear sister, heartbroken and a physical wreck from the shock and the doctors saying they could give no encouragement as to her ultimate recovery. My heart nearly broke when I saw her condition. I promised I would go out to see the boy and went. He was the breathing image of me—as much like me physically as man could be. When he saw me he cried, 'Oh uncle, I'll never touch another drop.' 'My poor boy, why didn't you say that before you caused this great calamity?'"

"A few days afterwards someone smuggled some whiskey into the place and he got hold of it. His strength failed him and he fell again—had delirium tremens. He slipped into the surgeon's office the next day and got a revolver and put a bullet in his heart. 'Has any man more right to talk

like I do or more cause to fight this iniquity? Oh! the misery it has caused me and my family! I tell you I shall fight it till doomsday, and the day of judgment will find me at the bar fighting still.'"

When he finished his story there were few, if any, dry eyes in his vast audience. And when he called for all who endorsed at he had said to stand up every man in the tabernacle rose to his feet. He called on the reporters to come up on the platform to take a look, and no man ever saw a more touching or inspiring scene than that before them.

He then called for all who resolved to lead a better life to come forward and shake his hand, and fully 1,000 accepted his invitation. Standing by his side one saw sights that must ever remain with him. Old men, their faces bloated with drink, the hot tears rolling down their cheeks, and voices all but gone, came, shook his hand and thanked him for his words. Young men, middle aged men, merchants, laborers, men of all classes and walks came to grasp that hand and go away with hearts full of gratitude and good resolutions. They saw one old fellow just able to creep along grasp his hands and say, "Mr. Jones, I'm an old rebel, a life-time sinner and right now the wickedest of men, but, God helping me, henceforth I lead a different life."

One saw saloonkeepers, bartenders, men of the worst types of drunkards, boys of the town, all come forward eagerly and grasp that hand, and vow to lead the life of a Christian.

Yet men question Sam Jones' methods and doubt his sincerity. If any of these men were in attendance last night it is a safe surmise they won't do so again. Man never gazed on anything so beautiful in its showing of how the good will come to the surface in all of us, and of what a consolation religion is to man, and to know there is hope for forgiveness for the worst of sinners. It is probably an exaggeration to say Sam Jones has done more lasting good than any man in the ministry today. If his methods are odd—vulgar, some say—the results are undoubtedly forthcoming. And that's what we all strive for, anyway.

Republicans Register Tomorrow

Mayor Yelzer has ordered a supplementary registration of those who failed to register at the regular registration day last Tuesday. Heretofore the registration has been on the third Tuesday, as is shown by the files of the paper, but the ordinance, it appears, at least the last one recorded, specifies the second Tuesday for supplementary registrations. Every Republican who failed to register last

week is urged to register tomorrow. It appears the supplementary day has been wrong heretofore, or else tomorrow is not the day. The mayor, under the ordinance, however, has issued instruction to have the polls open tomorrow, and Republicans are urged to register. The polls at Kirkpatrick's tomorrow will be at the old Home of the Friendless, instead of at the usual place.

TOMORROW THE LAST DAY.
Supt. Fred Ashton states that tomorrow is the last day on which applications for civil service examination for clerk and carrier can be filed. The examination is the 15th inst.

A car load of wire has arrived for the People's Independent Telephone Co. and will be strung as rapidly as possible. The poles are being put up throughout the city with expedition, and will soon be ready for the wires.

THE RAILROAD NEWS

Big Engine to Come Here for Repairs at Once.

Mr. C. J. Travis, Inspector of Bridges, Was Here on a Regular Inspection Tour.

MR. H. R. DILL TO REST UP

Engine No. 1001 will arrive in this city some time today for repairs. This is the largest engine on the Illinois Central and no doubt will attract a large crowd to the shops.

The engine has been running between Cairo and Memphis and "died" at a little station on the Memphis division yesterday. Something has gone wrong with the flues of the big machine and she will be repaired here. This is the largest type of engine the road owns and is the class of engine that will be run between here and Louisville when the fast schedule is inaugurated. The wheels are over six feet tall and a good sized man looks like a dwarf beside the engine as compared with his size and the ordinary engine. The big machine will be brought to the city today, this afternoon probably, and will be run into the shops for immediate repairs.

Mr. T. A. Banks, trainmaster of the Louisville division of the I. C., was in the city this morning. He will immediately go to the Evansville division to act as superintendent of that division temporarily, in the place of Superintendent H. R. Dill, who will be off on a three weeks' vacation.

Mr. O. J. Travis, chief inspector of bridges for the Illinois Central, was in the city today and went up to Clark's river to inspect the new bridge just completed.

Mr. William McCreary, the traveling engineer of the Louisville and Memphis divisions of the I. C., was in the city this morning on business.

Mr. Charles Sugars, of the master mechanic's office of the local I. C., went to Benton yesterday to visit friends. He returned last night.

Mr. Roy Porter, the night caller of the local I. C. shops, was ill last night. His place was filled by Mr. Dick Iseman, the day caller.

Supervisor W. O. Waggoner is in the city today.

POLICE COURT

A Few Sinners Had Their Innings This Morning.

Felony Cases Were Not Tried, But Misdemeanors Were Disposed of.

The case against Charles Ashley, the white man arrested at New Madrid, Mo., on a charge of stealing a raft of logs belonging to Riglesberger, was continued until Wednesday on account of the absence of witnesses.

The case against Henry Davis, colored, charged with stealing a pair of shoes and selling them to Mrs. Annie Klein for 40 cents, claiming that they were his own, was left open. He is charged with obtaining money by false pretenses.

The case against Kirk Davis and Fred Cooper, colored, for beating a

THE MARKETS.

Furnished by Arena & Gilbert of the Paducah Commission Co.

	OPEN	CLOSE
WHEAT—		
Oct.	68 1/2	71
December ..	71 1/2	72 1/2
May	72 1/2	
CORN—		
Oct.	57 1/2	58 1/2
December ..	48	49 1/2
May	47 1/2	49 1/2
BATH—		
Oct.	3 1/2	70 1/2
December ..	3 1/2	3 1/2
May	3 1/2	3 1/2
POKE—		
Oct.	17 00	16 90
January ..	15 75	15 67
May	14 00	14 00
LARD—		
Oct.	10 35	10 45
January ..	9 90	9 97
May	8 40	8 40
R.B.S.—		
Oct.	11 00	11 50
January ..	8 00	8 30

board bill, was tried and Davis was acquitted, but the other man fined \$1 and costs.

Frank Chapman was fined \$1 and costs for a plain drunk.

Laura Hillman was fined \$5 and costs for disorderly conduct.

Lee Overall and Mattie Martin, for immorality, were fined \$20 and costs.

Thomas Simms, for a breach of the peace, was fined \$10 and costs.

A case against Charles Coleman, a colored negro, charged with disturbing the peace and carrying a pistol concealed, was left open. Officers Lynn and Whitcomb arrested him, and a pistol was found on a pallet near the door, where Officer Lynn claimed he saw Coleman drop it. The derkey was raising a row because his step-daughter was late getting in.

FORMER PADUCAH BOY.

MR. BOB ROBINSON, THE MUSICALIAN, MARRIES IN SPARTA, ILL.

Mr. Bob Robinson, formerly of the city, but now of Sparta, Ill., was Wednesday married to Miss Essie Tate, one of the most popular and attractive young ladies of that city. She is further one of the best musicians in that portion of the state and comes of a prominent family. Mr. Robinson is well known here, having been one of the leading tailors and musicians. He is a brother of Mr. Geo. Robinson, the well known tailor, and will probably come here soon to pay him a visit. Mr. Robinson's friends here will be pleased to learn of his marriage.

IN COUNTY COURT.

NOTHING OF UNUSUAL INTEREST CONSIDERED TODAY.

County court was held this morning but nothing of importance was done. Appraisements of the following estates were filed: L. D. Roberts, Jr., Mrs. D. N. Lovelace, Mrs. E. B. Berry, Mrs. Ann E. Englert, I. H. Rogers.

Settlements as follows were filed and ordered to lie over: H. F. Lyon, administrator of John Orme; R. F. Ferguson, administrator Sarah Ferguson; Lizzie Parks, administrator Henry Parks; W. B. Weeks, guardian for Benny and Mabel Weeks; H. E. Brookshire, guardian Lena Brookshire; Tobe Gardner, administrator Little Gardner, and W. H. Holland, guardian Joseph Bishop.

NEW MINING COMPANY.

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION BEING DRAWN TODAY.

Attorney Will Standfield, of Mayfield, is in the city drawing up articles of incorporation of the Ozark Zinc and Lead Mining Co. This is a company composed of stockholders from Paducah and Pope county, Ill., where the land is situated. There are 1000 acres of land in all and lead has been discovered in paying quantities. Mr. Pete Burnett, of the city, is one of the local stockholders and incorporators. The company will have a capital stock of \$300,000.

OSAR STRIKE OVER.

New Orleans, Oct. 13—The street car strike, which for two weeks had effectively tied up all the cars, was settled last night, the men agreeing to return to work on a basis of 20 cents an hour and ten hours' work. The governor had threatened to have all the militia out.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE.

Maui, Oct. 13—The sonnet of Baculos, Mindanao, has rejected the friendly overtures of Gen. Sumner and has written a letter in which he says he wants war, and wants it quick. Forces will be sent to attend to him.

THE RIGHT ONES.

Lexington, Oct. 13—O. Land O'Brien of Memphis and Earl Whitney of Nashville are in jail here for the murder of A. B. Ohinn, whose house they attempted to burglarize, and are undoubtedly the right ones. One is slightly wounded. Both have bad records.

DEATH AT POOR FARM.

Francis Green, colored, age 52, died of dropsy at the county poor farm yesterday and will be buried today.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

A NEW QUESTION

The City to Retain its Option on the Water Works.

A Vote to Be Taken on a Twenty Year Contract for Fire Hydrants.

ORDINANCE BEING RUSHED

A new ordinance has been introduced for adoption by local boards authorizing a vote by the people in November on the question of amending the city's contract with the Paducah Water company. The ordinance passed twice by the lower board and once by the board of aldermen provided that the people vote on a repeal of the purchase clause of the franchise.

Saturday night the board of aldermen met and passed a new ordinance. It eliminates the provision for a vote on the repeal of the option clause, and the city will consequently retain her option. The new ordinance provides for a vote on the question of whether or not the city shall make a new contract with the water company to run for twenty years, and fix the hydrant rental for the city at a uniform rate of \$25 each a year. Some of the hydrants run for three years yet, and the saving to the city will be about \$7,500 a year for three years on those.

The board of aldermen met again this morning and gave second passage to the ordinance and the councilmanic board will meet this afternoon and give first passage to it. It will meet again Tuesday to give final passage to it. The reason there is haste is because the question to be voted on must be certified to before the authorities twenty days before the election, and tomorrow will be the last day.

The ordinance fixing the bonds of the city jailer and the turnkey at \$2,000 and \$1,000 respectively, the ordinance regulating the public docks and the extension of the time on the beginning of work on the Paducah, Cairo and Northwestern railroad were given second passage by the board of aldermen this morning.

Mr. Harry G. Tandy of Frankfort is in the city on a visit to his wife and daughter, and will remain until Wednesday.

Mr. Harry G. Tandy of Frankfort is in the city on a visit to his wife and daughter, and will remain until Wednesday.

You hold the Bank



We hold the Key
Citizens Savings Bank, 34 & Broadway

HAVE YOU A SINKING FUND?

A sinking fund is a money set aside for payment of debts that mature in the future. Every city has one. Every man should. You may be free of debt. But a rainy day comes to all of us. When it comes this sinking fund is your savior. It is an easy thing to start. And it is a most pressing help in trouble. Get one of our Home Savings Banks and start one. We will be pleased to help you.

CITIZENS SAVINGS BANK
Third and Broadway
Paducah, Ky.
We Pay Interest on Deposits.

THE POLICE BOARD

Monthly Meeting Will be Held Here This Evening at the City Hall.

Officer Hammond Laid Off for Going into a Saloon on Sunday—New Firemen.

FIRE DEPARTMENT RULES UP

One policeman has lost his job as a result of Rev. Sam Jones' meeting. Last night Rev. Jones took from his pocket a paper certifying that the New Richmond bar was open Sunday afternoon and several men were there in it, among them a policeman wearing badge 32.

After the meeting was over everybody was asking everybody else who wore the number 32. The police commissioners were asked and the city hall was telephoned. It is remarkable how much curiosity was exhibited over the incident, and finally the police commissioners telephoned to the city hall and learned that Officer Joe Hammond was adorned with the fatal insignia. He was ordered laid off when he reported for duty.

Officer Hammond, who was formerly a motorman, was not on duty at the time he is alleged to have been in the saloon, but his superiors promptly declared that he had no business in a saloon, especially on Sunday, and when he reported for duty at midnight he was suspended. He said he was there on business.

His case will be investigated tonight by the police commissioners, who hold their regular meeting, and if it is found that he was in the saloon he will no doubt be discharged from the force. The commissioners have practically stated as much.

The commissioners, Messrs. John Bonds, R. R. Sutherland, Pete Rogers and M. W. Clark, will also tonight elect two stationmen for the fire department to take the places of Moss Connell and John Brynnt, resigned. John Harvey, an extra, will get one of the positions.

The board will consider the case of Assistant Fire Chief W. E. Angustine, who after half a century of faithful service finds himself unable to longer attend to the duties. The city solicitor has decided that he cannot be legally pensioned, and the board does not know what to do with the popular assistant chief.

Tonight new rules will be made for the fire departments, and a new police officer probably appointed to succeed Officer Hammond.

DO YOU WANT TO YAWN?

Feel cold shiverings, aching in the bones, lack of energy, headache, and great depression? These symptoms may be followed by violent headache, high fever, extreme nervousness, a condition known as malaria. Herbine cures it. Take it before the disease gets a fair hold, though it will work in one in any stage. J. A. Hopkins, Manchester, Kan., writes: "I have used your great medicine, Herbine, for several years. There is nothing better for malaria, chills and fever, headache, biliousness, and for a blood-purifying tonic, there is nothing as good." 50c at DuBois, Kolh and Co.

PAPER TO BE SOLD.

COL. W. W. MARTIN'S CONTINUED ILLNESS RESULTS IN ANNOUNCEMENT.

Colonel W. W. Martin, editor of the Tale of Two Cities, of Eddyville, has been ill for several weeks, and it will be several weeks longer before he is able to be out. His paper is now offered for sale, as he is unable to look after it. Editor Martin's many friends will wish him a speedy recovery.

"IT GOES RIGHT TO THE SPOT."

When pain or irritation exists on any part of the body, the application of Ballard's Snow Liniment will give prompt relief. "It goes right to the spot," said an old man who was rubbing it in, to cure his rheumatism. C. R. Smith, proprietor Smith House, Tenaha, Texas, writes: "I have used Ballard's Snow Liniment in my family for several years, and have found it to be a fine remedy for all aches and pains, and I recommend it for pains in the throat and chest." 25c at DuBois, Kolh and Co.

Misses Loe and Hattie Ord of Mayfield were in the city yesterday attending the Sam Jones meetings. They returned this morning.

IT'S THE TRUTH

Tell a man it's a food and he doesn't want to pay for it. Tell him it's a medicine and he says it doesn't look like it. Then tell him it's both a food and a medicine and he thinks you're playing some game on him.

Yet these are the facts about Scott's Emulsion of pure cod-liver oil. It is the cream of cod-liver oil, the richest and most digestible of foods. The food for thin bodies and thin blood.

But that's only half the story. Scott's Emulsion is also a good medicine. It gives new life and vigor to the whole system and especially to the lungs.

"I tried it a little to try, if you like. SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl Street, New York."

PADUCAHANS NOTICED.

PICTURES IN LOUISVILLE TIMES —EX-PADUCAHAN BECOMES A PROMOTER.

Several Paducahans were pictured in Saturday's Louisville Times. In addition to a group of local bankers who are to assist in the entertainment of visitors at the State Bankers' association this week, the Times contained a splendid half-tone of Miss Aline Bagby, who this week leaves for New York to prepare for the stage.

The Times said of two former Paducahans:

"LEIGH—Louisville friends have received 'literature' this week which shows that Clint B. Leigh has found time to spare from his journalistic duties in Salt Lake City to become a mining promoter on the side. He is booming the Toltec Mining company, of which he is a director, and offers to let his Kentucky friends in on the ground floor. The most impetuous of them can take advantage of the offer, for the terms are only 5 cents per share, in payments of 10 per cent per month. Clint is a philanthropist as well as a money devil and promoter."

"DILLDAY—The departure of Mr. N. J. Dillday to Indianapolis will be regretted in a wide circle. For eight years he was an energetic and progressive citizen of Louisville. He was interested in all movements for the city's welfare. His friends are certain that he will make a big success in his new field."

Yesterday's St. Louis Post-Dispatch contained a picture of the laying of the corner stone of the Carnegie library and pictures of Messrs. W. F. Paxton, George O. Thompson, Congressman Charles K. Wheeler and Hon. Charles Reed, speaker of the board of councilmen. The article made very complimentary mention of Paducah, and was by a staff correspondent.

MOTHERS.

Who would keep their children in good health, should watch for the first symptoms of worms, and remove them with White's Cream Vermifuge. It is the children's best tonic. It gets digestion at work so that their food does them good, and they grow up healthy and strong. 25c at DuBois, Kolh and Co.

ADVANCE IN COAL.

There will be an advance in coal in Paducah Wednesday to 12 cents for nut and 13 cents for lump, by all dealers. The instructions arrived Saturday evening. The increase is due to the increase in demand, which has reduced the supply and is only one cent a bushel.

BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXIONS.

Are spoiled by using any kind of preparation that fills the pores of the skin. The best way to secure a clear complexion, free from mallowness, pimples, blotches, etc., is to keep the liver in good order. An occasional dose of Herbine will cleanse the bowels, regulate the liver, and so establish a clear, healthy complexion. 50c at DuBois, Kolh and Co.

The Queen City marine ways at Cincinnati have been bought by Capt. Ed Howard of Jeffersonville, Ind., for \$25,000. Capt. Fred Hartweg and four associates, the holders of the stock, disposed of their holdings in the plant.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunter Hough returned to Poplar Bluff, Mo., today after a visit to relatives.

THE RIVER NEWS.

THE STAGES.

Cairo, 19.7—0.2 fall.
Chattanooga, 2.7—0.5 rise.
Cincinnati, 1.1—1.1 rise.
Evansville, 4.4—0.1 fall.
Florence, 1.2—0.6 rise.
Johnsonville, 1.7—0.3 fall.
Louisville, 4.5—0.5 rise.
Mt. Carmel, 6.4—2.3 fall.
Nashville, 3.2—1.2 rise.
Pittsburg, 8.5—2.3 rise.
Davis Island Dam, 9.1—4.9 rise.
St. Louis, 18.3—1.5 fall.
Paducah, 7.00.3 rise.

Observations taken at 7 a. m. River 4.9 feet on the gauge, no change in last 24 hours. Wind northwest, in good breeze. Weather part cloudy and warmer. Rainfall in last 24 hours, 0.05 inches. Temperature 65.

Pell, Observer.

A number of shantyboats are floating south for the winter.

The Duffey arrived at 12 o'clock today from Tennessee river with a tow of ties.

The Mangle Kilgore arrived yesterday from Tennessee river with a tow of ties and is now at Brookport unloading.

The L. N. Hook arrived yesterday from Tennessee river with ties and will probably go out again today or tomorrow.

The Charleston is at Joppa today and will be up this afternoon or tonight to take on freight preparatory to leaving Tuesday night for Tennessee river.

The French floating theater and towboat, which have been on the ways for the past several days, were let down into the river Saturday late and will leave this afternoon for Metropolis, resuming regular business.

The Florence Marmet grounded with her tow of twelve coal barges at Twin creek a few miles below Buena Vista. At the last reports four barges were sunk, while the others swung out into the channel and retarded the passage of the boats behind her.

The Joe Fowler arrived this morning from Evansville and went into the Cairo trade in place of the Richardson, which is now back in the Evansville trade. The Richardson and Dandley will now alternate between Evansville and Paducah and traveling by river will be much improved by a boat every day.

The towboat L. H. Burdman, Capt. Scott Paris, having been thoroughly overhauled and put in perfect order, coaled at Louisville and leaves for Cincinnati. She will leave there with five barges for the Barrett line, two for the company and will get three at Cannelton. She goes to Cairo and Tennessee river.

A correspondent asks: "Where is Coney Island situated above Cincinnati?" There is, a few miles above Cincinnati on the Kentucky shore, a summer resort called "Coney Island," after the famous Eastern resort of that name. There is no "island" there or thereabouts, and could just as well be called "Coney" without the island.

There is now nearly enough water in the Ohio to make navigation certain, and the Allee Brown and Finley, two of the big Pittsburgh coal steamboats, will leave for that city immediately to bring down tows. They are now making preparations to depart and will be ready by tomorrow, if not sooner. They will carry their tows on up. The other steamers now lying up will follow in a day or two, just as soon as orders are received to move.

Commodore F. A. Laidley gave the delegates to the meeting of the National Board of Steam Navigation, held in Cincinnati, a ride up and down the river on the Indiana. He also gave them lots to eat and drink. Among the speeches made on the trip, Col. W. W. Hite said among other things: "I hope that we will have more of the meetings and that we may get some more water. For a generation we have been trying to get a few more dams than the one at Pittsburg. Now that the government is disposed to help this part of the country, which pays about two-thirds of the internal revenue from its tax on celebrated whiskey and other products, we should put our shoulders to the wheel and work incessantly for the nine foot stage from Pittsburg to Cairo. If the Ohio river ran by Chicago they would have twenty-five feet instead of the three feet we have." Several other speeches were made, and a vote of thanks was tendered Commodore Laidley for his hospitable treatment to his guests.

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Has all the Latest Things in
WEDDING INVITATIONS
CALLING CARDS
FANCY STATIONERY
At Right Prices

THE BOWLING ALLEY
Is now open for the season. You should try this nice sport for good health and fine exercise.
406 BROADWAY.
BRADLEY WILSON. Prop.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE SUN.

Contagious Blood Poison

Is the name sometimes given to what is generally known as the BAD DISEASE. It is not confined to dens of vice or the lower classes. The purest and best people are sometimes infected with this awful malady through handling the clothing, drinking from the same vessels, using the same toilet articles, or otherwise coming in contact with persons who have contracted it.

It begins usually with a little blister or sore, then swelling in the groin, a red eruption breaks out on the body, sores and ulcers appear in the mouth, the throat becomes ulcerated, the hair, eye brows and lashes fall out; the blood becoming more contaminated, copper colored spots and pustular eruptions and sores appear upon different parts of the body, and the poison even destroys the bones.

S. S. S. is a Specific for this loathsome disease, and cures it even in the worst form. It is a perfect antidote for the powerful virus that pollutes the blood and penetrates to all parts of the system. Unless you get this poison out of your blood it will ruin you, and bring disgrace and disease upon your children, for it can be transmitted from parent to child. S. S. S. contains no mercury or potash, but is guaranteed a strictly vegetable compound.

Write for our free home treatment book and learn all about Contagious Blood Poison. If you want medical advice give us a history of your case, and our physicians will furnish all the information you wish without any charge whatever.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

THE SUN'S PUZZLE PICTURE.



"HARRY PROMISED TO MEET ME HERE. WHERE CAN HE BE?"

LOST HIS TICKET.

A PASSENGER AT THE DEPOT HAS AN EXCITING TIME.

Depot employees have a great deal to contend with. It is not occasional, but an every day affair. Yesterday an old fellow who seemed to feel an importance that he doubtless didn't possess, entered the baggage room of a local depot and butting into a crowd of persons waiting their turn to have their baggage checked, wasn't satisfied until the baggage man had told him in terms that were unmistakable in their meaning to "go 'way back and sit down,"—until it came his turn.

When it got up to him, he said he wanted his baggage checked to Louisville. The baggage master asked to let him see his ticket. All passengers are required to show tickets before their baggage can be checked. Well, he began to look for the ticket, and he searched first one pocket and then the other. He would slap himself over each pocket and feel carefully every inch of his clothing in the vicinity of each one of the pockets, but he couldn't land on the ticket.

Then he began to take out cards, books, letters and other odds and ends from his pocket. Others began to come and stand impatiently as they waited for the bewildered man to find his ticket. He looked and looked, accused everybody he could think of who happened not to be present of stealing it, and then started the search all over again, but nary a ticket could be unearthed in his pockets.

Finally he took off his hat to mop his perspiring brow, and there snugly stuck in the band so it could be easily found was the missing ticket. He shamefacedly handed it over and got out as quietly as he could.

"Sam," he sharply said to one of the darkeys, on the platform as he started away, "do you reckon that baggage of mine will get to Louisville as soon as I do?"

"When did you git it checked boss?" asked the darkey.

"Just now," he replied.

"Wal, hit'll git dar befo' yo' den. Yo' know de baggage cyah is ahead ob de odub coaches," concluded the negro with a grin, as the late passenger hurried away gritting his teeth.

M. Michael and Brother have filed suit against J. R. Smith for \$185 claimed as compensation for the use of a party wall in constructing the big building occupied by Hotel Lygonmar, also at Second and Broadway.

MUST OBEY

Residents of the County to be Prosecuted by County Health Board

Penalty Quite Severe for Refusing to Have Children Vaccinated.

Local representatives of the state board of health will make it hot for those in the county who have refused to have children vaccinated. An order was issued some time ago, about the time that there was smallpox in certain sections of the county, to have all children vaccinated in compliance with the rules or laws formulated by the board of health as authorized by statute.

A number of people with an erroneous idea of the power of health boards have imagined that they know more about the law than the officials, and have refused to have their children vaccinated, and the result is a number of the schools have had to close.

The statute requiring children to be vaccinated fixes no penalty, leaving the state board to do it, and this has led some to think they cannot be fined. Mr. Theodore Luttrell, of the county, in order to test the law, refused, and, been warranted. His case comes up tomorrow before County Judge Lightfoot. The question seems to be purely one of law, and the law under which he was warranted is as follows:

Section 2055 of the Kentucky statutes, relative to the county health boards, says: "It shall be the duty of the state board to appoint three or more intelligent citizens residing in each county of this state, who shall constitute a local board. Such boards are empowered, and it shall be their duty, to inaugurate and execute and to require the heads of families and other persons to execute such sanitary regulations as the local board may consider expedient to prevent the outbreak and spread of cholera, smallpox, yellow fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria and other epidemic diseases; and to this end may bring the infected population under a prompt and proper treatment during premonitory or other stages of the disease, and said boards are authorized and shall have power to enforce the rules and regulations of the state board of health, and any persons who shall fail or refuse after written notice from the local board or state board to observe or obey the written request, shall be fined not less than ten nor more than one hundred dollars for each day he so fails or neglects."

The county board of health is composed of Drs. Frank Boyd, J. Q. Taylor and H. T. Rivers.

I. O. O. F. GRAND LODGE.

REPRESENTATIVES LEAVE THIS EVENING FOR THE SESSION.

The grand lodge of Kentucky Odd Fellows begins tomorrow morning at Hopkinsville, and Paducah's delegation leaves this evening at 5 o'clock to attend. The session lasts several days.

The local representatives are: Ingleside lodge, Fred Heilbron, A. C. Meyers, John L. Powell, U. S. Walston, Peter J. Beckenbaugh, B. A. Robertson and A. F. Bryant, while those appointed by Mangum lodge several weeks since are Charles Smith, Charles Earhart, Dan Galvin, H. H. Evans, William Morgan, Charles Horton and G. Z. Untaugh.

ELKS NEW HOME.

FRANKFORT LODGE WILL DEDICATE IT WEDNESDAY.

Frankfort, Ky., Oct. 31.—The new home of Frankfort lodge, 530, E. P. O. Elks, has been completed and the lodge will on Wednesday evening, October 31 next, dedicate it with appropriate ceremonies. Grand Mastered Loyal Knight W. B. Brock, of Lexington, will preside at the ceremonies and former Governor W. O. Bradley, of Louisville, will be the orator of the occasion. Invitation has been extended to all Elks lodges in the state to be represented at the affair and large delegations from Louisville and Lexington are expected. The home was erected at a cost of \$15,000.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Galt*

VERY SUCCESSFUL

Over 250 girls in the Biscuit Making Contest.

The Rhodes-Burford Establishment Was a Busy Place

The biscuit making contest at the Rhodes-Burford establishment on North Fourth street Saturday closed at 9 p. m., and during the day attracted a large crowd. There were 251 little misses entered the contest for the five small Buck raeges offered and quite a quantity of biscuits was made.

The children were all between the ages of 6 and 14, and did well. The five winners were: First class, Myrtle Morgan, 416 Ohio street; second class, Katie Stenheimer, 126 South Second street; third class, Eva Bauer, 621 North Seventh street; Fourth class, Frances Lyon, 210 Broadway; fifth class, Vera Johnson, 719 Clark street.

During the contest 200 pounds of flour was used, twenty pounds of lard, four pounds of baking powder, two pounds of soda, one pound of salt and twelve gallons of buttermilk. A total of about 2,500 biscuits were made.

Messrs. J. E. Dye and Louis Barou, of the Beck Stove Range company, conducted the contest, which began Friday afternoon and ended Saturday night. A picture was taken by Riley and Cook of the class, containing over 300, artistically hunched, and cuts of the photograph will be made and sent all over the country. The contests held in Paducah are always the largest in the country, and a source of much satisfaction to both the Rhodes-Burford company and the Stove company.

The five stoves given away are valued at \$12 each, and the contest is decided by three ladies having no children in it, who examine the pans of biscuits and select the best each pan being numbered so the name of the maker is unknown. The stoves are all small, but are excellent for cooking.

Mr. E. W. Bockmon furnished the flour used. Last year there were 257 children in the contest here, and over 50,000 copies of the pictures of the class were distributed over the United States.

WEALTH OF HOLLAND'S QUEEN

Youthful Ruler Among the Richest of Royal Personages.

The Queen of Holland is amongst the richest of royal personages. Part of her enormous fortune belongs to the crown, while the rest is her private property. The royal estates in Holland and 'ho East (which include the Dutch East Indies) are also of great value. On her marriage with Prince Henry the young queen set aside twenty millions of marks, the arrangement being that the interest, which is nearly £30,000 a year, will be at his own disposal, while the capital is ultimately to pass to the younger children of the marriage. If there are no children, Prince Henry is to have absolute power of disposing by will of five millions of marks, while the remainder will eventually revert to the queen's estate.

Strange Place for Wedding.

How many people know that Lord Rosebery was married to the wealthiest heiress in the British Kingdom in a London workhouse? The registrar's office where the ceremony was performed was in St. George's, Hanover square, workhouse, in Mount street, the registrar's office and workhouse being then under one roof, and though the usual rites of the church were subsequently observed in Christ church, Down street, the fact remains that the late premier was married within workhouse walls. Few men, indeed, have ever wed two and a half millions in such a place.

QUESTION?

Ever notice that the more comfortable a shoe the better it is apt to wear? The strain is properly distributed.

That's one reason Florsheim shoes wear. They fit the foot, wear where they are meant to wear, and wear well. Price \$5.

Our \$3.50 is The Shoe if you are looking for a popular price shoe. They cost no more than the advertised \$3.50 shoes, yet go at our popular price just the same, \$3.50.

LOOK FOR OUR PRIZE AD.

Lendler & Lyon,

The people who save you money on every purchase.

Rudy, Phillips & Co.,

Is there a woman who won't be interested in this?

We have a store full of New Dress Goods that are right up-to-date and are marked at the lowest possible prices.

Venitian Cloths 38 inches wide, all wool, 50 cents a yard.

Cheviots 50-inch black cheviots, in a very fine finish, 90 cents a yard.

Broadcloths Handsome satin-finish cloths, 52 inches wide, \$1.00 a yard.

Zephelines A stylish material for fall dresses in all colors, \$1.00 a yard.

Camel's Hair Cloths Extra heavy quality, very fashionable now, \$1.50 a yard.

Shirtwaist Fabrics.

All wool Tricots in every good shade for 25c a yard. Fine quality Albatross, 36 inches wide, for 48c a yard. Beautiful French Flannels for 50c a yard. Good Waist Corduroys, in colors for 50c a yard.

Special Good Black Beau de Soie Silk at 85 cents a yard.

We want you to see our Ladies' Tailor Made Suits.

We guarantee to fit you and will prove that we sell them for less money than it will cost to have them made. Their style speaks out as soon as you see them.

Our \$14.50 Special is a Genuine Bargain.

Made of good quality cloth, in blue or tan, with slot seams, fancy buttons and straps, skirt percaline lined, coat lined with satin.

Fine Pattern Hats.

Miss Cobb has an artistic display of Hats awaiting your inspection.

New Tapestry Sofa Pillow Covers with Cords and Tassels to match.

Newest idea in Fancy Work—the Mont Melic Embroidery. We can supply all the materials now.

TRY

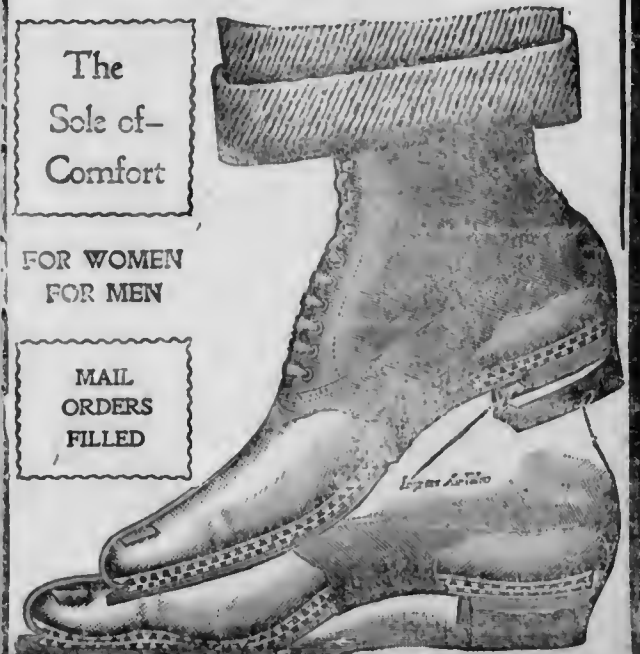
The Resilia Shoe

Rebounding cushion centresole. Ventilates the shoe at every step. Prevents jar to nerves and spine. Distributes pressure over foot sole. Spreads wear evenly over shoe sole. Dry, springy, foot-conforming.

The Sole of— Comfort

FOR WOMEN FOR MEN

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The Paducah Sun

AFTERNOON AND WEEKLY.

BY THE SUN PUBLISHING CO.

(INCORPORATED.)

FRANK M. FISHER, President and Editor.
EDWIN J. PAXTON, General Manager.

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MONDAY, OCT. 13, 1902.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

HON. P. H. DARBY, of Caldwell,
for Court of Appeals.

HON. O. H. LINT, of Lyon, for
Congress

FOR ALDERMEN.

E. E. BELL.
WILLIAM KRAUS.
C. H. CHAMBLIN.
J. R. SMITH.
HENRY KAMLEITER.
FRANK KIRCHOFF.
J. VICTOR VOIS.
J. S. TROUTMAN.

FOR TREASURER.

OSOAR HANK.

FOR CITY JAILER.

ADOLPH JAMES.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Knowledge comes sometimes by
wandering; wisdom ripens in quiet-
ness and repose.—The Outlook.

THE WEATHER.

Fair and cool tonight and Tues-
day.

OUR ICE HARBOR INTACT.

Our afternoon contemporary has
flung a few more bits over the "dan-
ger to Paducah's ice harbor," which
leaves the impression abroad that Pa-
ducah is really threatened with some-
thing perilous in connection with her
celebrated harbor. The Sun has be-
fore stated that there was no danger in
these wild and woolly vapors and it
now says it by authority, the author-
ity of capable men who have fully in-
vestigated the scare-crow of our con-
temporary, and assured the Commer-
cial club and others interested that
there is absolutely nothing in the
fears expressed. This is the reason the
Commercial club has done nothing,
and has as a consequence evoked the
appellation of "sleepy head" from our
esteemed contemporary. This is the
reason Congressman Wheeler has done
nothing since he came home and
learned the truth. A government en-
gineer, to come down here and inspect
this harbor and report on the matter
agitated by the above paper would
laugh at the stupidity of people fool-
ish enough to place any credence
whatever in such a report. Rivermen
here are already laughing at it. The
Commercial club has been given ev-
ery assurance that there is no ground
for fear, and for this reason has ig-
nored the baggage and will doubtless
continue to ignore it.

As a matter of fact the first of the
narrative was when some one wrote an
article against space from the imagi-
nation, painting the desolation and
ruin likely to result to Paducah's ice
harbor if something wasn't done to
stop the islands opposite the city from
washing away, and it has been kept
up ever since to lend color to the story.
The constant action of water against
the shores of the islands is
certain to sooner or later wear them
away to some extent probably, but it
will be many years until there is any
perceptible change. The supposed
danger to the harbor is from heavy
excess of ice in the winter time being
driven to this side against boats in the
harbor, which would not be possible
if over half of the big island were
washed away, and would not affect
Paducah's ice harbor proper at all.

GREAT CROWD OUT

Continued from First page.

row and trouble and every one trace-
able to the liquor traffic. The first
cloud mentioned was that of anarchy.
"In the last twelve years," he said
"heads of five governments have been
struck down by anarchists, among
them being our beloved Mr. McKin-
ley, whose assassin, immediately before
the murder, took refuge with a saloon
keeper. The anarchist and the saloon
keeper are inseparable. Abolish the
saloon, and the anarchist will of ne-
cessity go." He called attention to
the fact that while many people were
prohibition at heart, they never voted
that way for fear of losing political
latitude. The halit settles every
question but the saloon question.
Shut up licensed saloons and they
run blind tigers. Prohibition does not
prohibit. Why? "Because the au-
thorities of the town belong to the sa-
loon keepers, as the negroes did to
the whites" (this from Sam Jones).
The mob spirit, the election frauds and
the divorce courts were clouds men-
tioned in turn and each dealt with
in a forcible manner.

The appreciation of the vast congre-
gation was demonstrated when, at the
close of the service, he asked every
one who wished to see the liquor
traffic abolished "for God and home
and native land," to wave their hand-
kerchiefs. Every handkerchief in the
audience fluttered in the air and a
mighty cheer went up that came
straight from the hearts of the peo-
ple.

SUNDAY EVENING.

At 7:30 Mr. Stewart again pre-
ached to a vast crowd of women at the
Broadway Methodist church, and told
them many truths from Prov. 3:1-10.
"Who can find a virtuous woman? for
her price is far above rubies." His
talk was plain and to the point and as
usual greatly enjoyed by his hearers.

REV. JONES SUNDAY NIGHT.

There were fully 6,000 men in the
building when Mr. Jones stepped on
the platform and they paid him ear-
nest attention.

After the song service Mr. Seagle
sang "Ninety and Nine" and the song
seemed to go to the hearts of all his
hearers.

In beginning his address Mr. Jones
said men say he is a fraud and is only
out for the money. To these people
he would say he can contract with the
Southern Locomotive Co. for \$150 a
night any time he cares to. If he
could do that why would he spend his
time here if he was out for "the mon-
ey."

He took for his text 19 verses 22
chapter Genesis: "Escape for thy
life." "Sin, he said, doesn't go about
seeking whom it may devour. I judge
no man, but arraign him before his
conscience. When a man preaches to
me I ask him 'Do you know what you
are talking about? Do you live what
you preach?' The man who lives in a
glass house can't throw as many rocks
as Sam Jones. 'Do you mean kindly
toward me in what you say?' I mean
kindly toward every one but if you
don't think you can stand what I say,
End, you had better get your ear-
rings and go. I'm going to run it in
thick. You needn't whine, if you con-
sider, so you better go home if you
speak a tender."

He then spoke of the sin of swear-
ing. "You black month, dirty cussing
words ought to be run out of town.
A man who will cuss will steal. If
you break one of God's command-
ments you'll break all. A 'cuss' knows
whom to cuss. He knows if he
cusses some fellows they'll give him a
jolt that'll keep a dentist busy for a
month. A cuss is only fit to be
battered by a billygoat, and I'd hate to
be the goat. Paducah has more pro-
fanity to the square yard than any
town on earth. What do you cuss
for? Want to know how it sounds?
Just get your wife to whack off a few.
Go home some day and find dinner
late and say to your wife 'what'll
'matter dinner,' and let her say 'the
damned cook's gone and the — fire
won't burn.' That will cuss you.
Quit cussing." There ain't no money
in it.

Another sin is the Sabbath desec-
ration. Two thirds of the Paducah
people keep the Sabbath. No more
than the billygoats in Arizona. Why,
things are running wild open here on
Sundays. Haven't you a sheriff at
all? If you long you've been without
one? All the officials of this county
ought to be spanked 'til they can't
stand up. I wonder if the sheriff is
here? I'd like to see him.

Some of these officials are saying 'if
Sam Jones don't quit talking like he
does I'm going to smash his mouth.'
Well, say End, when you decide to do

that you'd better order funeral arrange-
ments for your whole family. I have-
n't a disposition to 'get my mouth
smashed in this town. Catch on?

Most of you never spent a decent
Sabbath in your life; Just gather on
corners and tell smutty jokes. Why
if an old buzzard should pass over
your dirty scoundrels he'd turn his
course and say the crowd was too
sinking for him.

If then touched on the practice
the county and city officials have of
making the saloon men and prostitutes
of the town pay tribute every three
months. "It's blackmail, a nasty in-
fernal business" he said if your city
needs money have your policemen
stand on the corners and knock the
people down and take it away from
them but don't keep up this damna-
ble practice. Don't your papers pub-
lish it? 'Yes, you say. Then the
community knows it and ought to call
a halt. Your mayor allows this, and
he an elder in the church. Don't let
him lick me for talking this way
about him boys. And your aldermen!
God pity their potbellied souls. They
couldn't be elected dog catchers now.
If he then took up gambling and ad-
ultery in the forceful way he handles ev-
erything. "I don't talk decent you
say. Well decent talk would be out of
place here. If you don't like the talk
just snip it. I fear, End

He then spoke of drunkenness and
drinking and gave his audience food
for thought for many days. The story
of his own life came in aptly and he
used it effectively. After the sermon
the scene described above took place
and his audience seemed to leave.
Many called to shake his hand again
and offer congratulations on his ser-
mon, and pledged themselves again
to better lives. The sheriff and one
of the aldermen were among his call-
ers, as also was a saloon keeper who
vowed the city couldn't give him a
license.

THIS MORNING'S SERMON.

Sam Jones preached at the morning
services today, and had a good crowd.
He took for his text the 5th and 2nd
verse of the Fifty-fifth Psalm, "Cast
thy burdens on the Lord and he shall
sustain thee, for he shall never suffer
the righteous to be moved and hath
delivered my soul in peace from the
battle that was against me, for there
were many with me."

"There are two kinds of trouble,"
he said, "real trouble and imaginary
trouble. The imaginary troubles out-
number the real troubles two to one.
The woman is a goose to tramp up an
imaginary trouble. There are lots of
geese in this world. If they all had
feathers we would have enough to
throw at the birds. Yes, and there
are a lot of old ganders too.

Some people have the knack of run-
ning a trouble machine. They work
both hands and feet and the mouth all
at the same time. Don't take your
imaginary troubles to God. He won't
put out a horse that ain't on fire.
He don't fool with fools, there are too
many sensible people in the world.
One thing that is good for home-made
trouble is common sense. Your preach-
ers, too, are always borrowing trou-
ble. Say 'I'm not as popular as I
ought to be.' God didn't send him
here to seek popularity. The preach-
er that seeks popularity is like the
drunkard that hants another dram.

"The world is coming to an end," some
one says. I'd like to know how the
world can come to an end when it's
round.

"Some of your society women don't
wreat any children. Well, the women
that don't want any ain't fit to have
'em. She has no heart, and I would
as soon shake the tail of a dead fish as
to shake her hand. Some of you folks
say, 'Mr. Jones, you touch on things
you ought to leave alone.' Yes, 'tis
true. I talk on vulgar things and
can't get but 10,000 people to come to
hear me. Your nice preachers can't
get 300.

"Trouble gets you down more than
work. Quit worrying. If you can
help a thing, go along jump in and do
it; if you can't just crack your heels
and let her go just the same. That's
what I do. But I have common sense.
That's why I'm different from other
people.

"Do you know the secret of a happy
married life? I asked an old man who
was celebrating his golden wedding
that question one day, and he said:
'I'll tell you. When I married my
wife the next morning I looked over
the room and I saw two chairs with
clothes on them, one a dress and the
other breeches, and I said to my wife,
'Now you get up and take your
chole.' Well, she took the dress and
left me the breeches, and I've been
wearing them ever since."

"Cast thy burdens on God and he
will sustain thee. Bring all your
troubles and lay them at His feet and
he will help you carry them."

He said the best antidote for iron-
ble is work. He'd tried it for thirty-
five years and found it so.

He closed his sermon with the pro-
position that all who could say, "Bro-
ther Jones, I'm pulling straight; pray
for me," to come and shake his hands,
and a large number came forward.

A FEW SIDE LIGHTS.

A great many people may wonder
where all the congregation of men at
the Sam Jones meeting last evening
came from, but no one knows. They
were there, and there were more of
them than there is male population in
the city of Paducah. Hundreds of
them doubtless came in on the trains
and boats, and many from the coun-
try in wagons. The corners are filled
with strangers all day, except during
the services, which indicates that there
are many strangers here. Some of
them haven't been to town in years,
according to the boarding house keep-
ers, missing circus, Buffalo Bill and
even the carnivals.

Jack Whitesides, sometimes called
"Three-fingered Jack" is one of Sam
Jones' converts. For nearly a year
Whitesides has tried to get a saloon li-
cense, and the last time was a week
ago, when the council granted it, but
the board of aldermen shied at it. The
police department fought the grant-
ing of a license to him because they
thought he would not run an orderly
place. Whitesides now declares that he
would not have a saloon license if
one were presented to him, and is out
of the whiskey business for good. He
went up and told Rev. Jones as much
yesterday.

It is amusing to think of the onerous-
ity that the average person possesses.
Last night after the Sam Jones serv-
ice the only question heard on the streets
was, "What policeman has on badge
32?" About half a hundred went
around in Dr. John Honds' drag store
and asked him. They came in droves,
in pairs and alone, and Dr. Honds, who
is one of the police commissioners, fi-
nally had to make himself scarce. It
was almost as bad at the city hall, and
every policeman who bobbed up his
head was either stopped or closely
scrutinized to learn the number of his
badge.

Former Mayor James M. Lang, who
thought he had left trouble behind
when he went out of office, has
learned that there are a whole lot of
people in Paducah who don't know to-
day who is mayor. He was very much
chagrined to learn at the revival last
night that a lot of fellows think he is
still mayor, and those within reach
would dig him in the ribs when Sam
Jones would hit the officials appen-
sally hard and tell them they wouldn't
stand it if they were mayor. He
laughingly says he wishes they all
knew that he is out of office, and
what was said didn't apply to him.

People with "yeang ans" ought to
leave them at home. The little ones
can't understand anything that's said
and neither can anyone around them
very often.

The streets cars are doing a big busi-
ness, but hundreds and hundreds of
people don't have time to wait for a
car. They start about supper time in
order to get a place.

At the Court of Japan.

There is no barbaric splendor about
the court of Japan, nor does the em-
peror insist on fantastic forms of ho-
mage. He is just a plain individual.
His guests he receives standing, and
he enters freely into conversation with
all. There is scarcely a subject that
does not interest him or one on which
he is not well informed. A delightful
host, it is his custom to surround him-
self with clever men—men who are
the shining lights of their professions.
Engineers, artists, musicians, writers,
soldiers, scientists—every class of per-
son who has won distinction is wel-
come at the royal table, for it is one
of the characteristics of his majesty
that is the distribution of his favors
he is thoroughly impartial.

Count Tolstol's Wife.

The Countess Tolstol, in her way,
is almost as wonderful as her famous
husband. Her individuality and her
theories are as marked and distinct as
are his. Nor does she always agree
with him in his views. In fact, she
most strenuously opposed his tirade
against the copyright system. Neither
is she a blind admirer of the count's
style and stories, but often freely and
somewhat warmly attacks both, the
result being a rather heated argument.
The countess is a woman of broad
training and ripe education. Strong in
her character and great in her ability,
she is the type of woman who would
best understand a man of her hus-
band's kind, and who would be able
to further the best in him and both
their lives.

Good for Insect Bites.

Common yellow soap, moistened
slightly and spread over a fresh mos-
quito bite, will, it is said, quickly re-
lieve the stinging pain. The same ap-
plication is good for bites of other
insects.

CZAR'S TWO LUCKY RINGS.

Russian Ruler's Superstitious Regard
for a Tallman.

Many royalties possess rings which
they seem to regard with an almost
superstitious reverence. Two such does
the czar of Russia own. One contains
a small piece of the Cross and has the
power, so tradition asserts, of shield-
ing its wearer from all physical harm.
Without it Russia's ruler will never
set foot outside of the palace, bearing
perchance in memory the fate of Alex-
ander II, who on the day of his assas-
sination had left this talisman behind
him.

The other ring, which is of gothic
design, was given to the Princess
Charlotte of Prussia, daughter of Fred-
erick William III, by her governess.
Many years later the future Czar
Nicholas, great grandfather of the
present ruler, chanced to meet at din-
ner the young princess, fell forthwith
in love with her, and asked her for
the ring as a memento of their first
meeting.

She consented, and until the day of
his death Nicholas wore the gift, first
on his finger and then, when it be-
came too small, suspended round his
neck.

Vagaries of the Well-to-do.

The story is told of a financier of
high standing in Boston who frequent-
ly spends several hours at a time dis-
cussing personal or social matters in
the midst of business turmoil, notwith-
standing the fact that there may be
from half a dozen to a score of peo-
ple waiting to see him. Several promi-
nent business men take a few min-
utes of the different parts of a busy
day to sleep, and one very wealthy
and very much occupied man in Chi-
cago makes it a habit to sleep between
2 and 3 each afternoon.—New York
Post.

Mean Old Thing, Anyhow.

The Rev. E. J. Hardy, the Irish
army chaplain who became famous
through his book, "How to Be Happy
Though Married," insists that he is
still alive, despite the report that he
had been murdered in China. He did
have a narrow escape, though; the
steamer on which he was traveling
having been fired upon and two men
standing beside him wounded. The
Chinese government blandly ex-
plained that the vessel had got in be-
tween Chinese soldiers and pirates
who were having a battle.

Teeth and Shoes from Paper.

Man will be paper clad in the fu-
ture. Paper teeth would appear quite
impracticable, yet actual use has
proved them equal to those made of
porcelain. Another interesting use
modern ingenuity has found for paper
is to manufacture footwear from it.
So skillfully can it be prepared that
in appearance it is almost identical
with that of patent leather. It is,
however, considerably lighter, and so
thin that it apparently reduces the
wearer's feet a couple of sizes or
more.

Good Cause for Thrilling.

A visitor to Shakespeare's birth-
place, Stratford-on-Avon, whose heart
was in better condition than her head,
walked about the town quite thrilled
with rapture and awe.

When she reached the railway sta-
tion, where her train had not yet ar-
rived, her enthusiasm was not abated,
and she looked about her with trim-
ming eyes.

"Ah," she said, "I think this place
affects me more than all here he
must have come to take the train to
go up to London!"

A Geographical Note.

Jackson is a village of 200 inhabi-
tants, situated near the court house
in eastern Kentucky. It has a stimu-
lating climate, tending to irritability.
Its principal industry is coroners' in-
quests, employing a large number of
hands. The remainder of the popu-
lation in Jackson is busily busy in
the industry of shooting Jim Cockrill.
The output during the last six months
has been thirty-six murders. The cli-
mate is healthy, save for an excess of
powder smoke in the atmosphere.

New York's Nickname.

It has repeatedly occurred that a
name applied in derision to persons
has eventually been adopted and con-
sidered with pride. Gotham, New
York's alias, was originally given in
derision, because, doubtless, of some
foolish whims of New Yorkers. The
name was taken from the Merry Talas
of the Madmen of Gotham, satirical
stories written by Adam Borde, a Car-
thaginian monk, who died in the
tower of London. The name has been
accepted by New Yorkers.

Most Expensive Book.

Probably the most expensive book
known is that which the Ameer of
Afghanistan has presented to the
Shah of Persia. It is a manuscript
copy of the Koran, the binding of
which is worth \$150,000. This bind-
ing is of solid gold, two and three-
quarters inches thick; the carvings,
which are the work of an Afghan gold-
smith, are encrusted with precious
stones—167 pearls, 122 rubies and 109
diamonds of the purest water.

Work for Spinners.

Census returns in England show
that one in every six women, and in
what are called the upper classes one-
half, are destined to a spinsterhood,
and one writer, noting this fact, inti-
mates that the lot of all women may
be immensely improved by this com-
part band of single women. It would
be difficult to overrate the industrial
effect of a number of well-instructed,
healthy-minded, vigorous, permanent
spinsters.

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Phone 701. Phone 751

Deserves New Trial.
A new trial has been ordered Kansas for a man who was hanged for an hour by a mob and lived. He was convicted later and sentenced.

A Natural Barometer.
A piece of camphor gum is a very good indicator of what the weather is going to be. If, when the camphor is exposed to the air, the gum remains dry, the weather will be fair and dry, but if the gum absorbs moisture and becomes damp it is an

For full information, map folders, descriptive literature, etc., consult nearest ticket agent or address T. O. Matthews, T. P. A., Louisville, Ky.; H. G. Townsend, G. P. and

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BLACK ROCK

By RALPH CONNOR

CHAPTER X.
WHAT CAME TO SLAVIN.

BILLY BREEN'S legacy to the Black Rock mining camp was a new league, which was more than the old league remade. The league was new in its spirit and in its methods. The impression made upon the camp by Billy Breen's death was very remarkable, and I have never been quite able to account for it. The mood of the community at the time was peculiarly susceptible. Billy was one of the oldest of the old timers. His decline and fall had been a long process, and his struggle for life and manhood was striking enough to arrest the attention and awaken the sympathy of the whole camp. We instinctively sided with a man in his struggle for freedom, for we feel that freedom is native to him and to us. The sudden collapse of the struggle stirred the men with a deep pity for the beaten man and a deep contempt for those who had trampled him to his doom; but, though the pity and the contempt remained, the gloom was relieved and the sense of defeat removed from the men's minds by the transference of Billy's last hour. Mr. Craig, reading of the tragedy of Billy's death, transfigured defeat into victory, and this was gradually accepted by the men as the true reading, though to them it was full of mystery. But they could all understand and appreciate at full value the spirit that breathed through the words of the dying man: "Isn't he 'ard on 'em. They didn't mean no 'arm." And this was the new spirit of the league.

It was this spirit that surprised Slavin into sudden tears at the grave's side. He had come braced for curses and vengeance, for all knew it was he who had doctored Billy's lemonade, and instead of vengeance the message from the dead that echoed through the voice of the living was one of pity and forgiveness.

But the days of the league's negative defensive warfare were over. The war was to the death, and now the war was to be carried into the enemy's country. The league men proposed a thoroughly equipped and well conducted coffee room, reading room and hall to parallel the enemy's lines of operation and defeat them with their own weapons upon their own ground. The main outlines of the scheme were clearly defined and were easily seen, but the perfecting of the details called for all Craig's tact and good sense. When, for instance, Vernon Whinton, who had charge of the entertainment department, came for Craig's opinion as to a minstrel troupe and private theatricals, Craig was prompt with his answer:

"Anything clean goes."

"A nigger show?" asked Whinton.

"Depends upon the niggers," replied Craig, with a gravely comical look, shrewdly adding, "Ask Mrs. Mavor."

And so the League Minstrel and Dramatic company became an established fact and proved, as Craig afterward told me, a great means of grace to the camp.

Shaw had charge of the social department, whose special care it was to see that the men were made welcome to the cozy, cheerful reading room, where they might chat, smoke, read, write or play games, according to fancy.

But Craig felt that the success or failure of the scheme would largely depend upon the character of the resident manager, who, while caring for reading room and hall, would control and operate the important department represented by the coffee room.

"At this point the whole business may come to grief," he said to Mrs. Mavor, without whose counsel nothing was done.

"Why come to grief?" she asked brightly.

"Because if we don't get the right man that's what will happen," he replied in a tone that spoke of anxious worry.

"But we shall get the right man, never fear." Her serene courage never faltered. "He will come to us."

Craig turned and gazed at her in frank admiration and said:

"If I only had your courage!"

"Courage?" she answered quickly. "It is not for you to say that." And at his answering look the red came into her cheek and the depths in her eyes glowed, and I marveled and wondered, looking at Craig's cool face, whether his blood were running evenly through his veins. But his voice was quiet—n shade too quiet, I thought—as he gravely replied:

"I would often be a coward but for the shame of it."

And so the league waited for the man to come who was to be resident manager and make the new enterprise a success. And come he did, but the manner of his coming was so extraordinary that I have believed in the doctrine of a special providence ever since, for, as Craig said, "If he had come straight from heaven, I could not have been more surprised."

While the league was thus waiting, its interest centered upon Slavin, chiefly because he represented more than any other the forces of the enemy, and, though Billy Breen stood between him and the reverence of the angry men

who would have made short work of him and his saloon, nothing could save him from himself, and after the funeral Slavin went to his bar and drank whisky as he had never drunk before. But the more he drank the fiercer and gloomier he became, and when the men drinking with him chaffed him he swore deeply and with such threats that they left him alone.

It did not help Slavin either to have Nixon stride in through the crowd drinking at his bar and give him words of warning.

"It is not your fault, Slavin," he said in a slow, cool voice, "that you and your precious crew didn't send me to my death too. You've won your bet, but I want to say that next time, though you are seven to one or ten times that, when any of you boys offer me a drink I'll take you to mean fight, and I'll not disappoint you, and some one will be killed." And, so saying, he strode out again, leaving a mean looking crowd of men behind him. All who had not been concerned in the business at Nixon's shack expressed approval of his position and hoped he would see it through.

But the impression of Nixon's words upon Slavin was as nothing compared with that made by Geordie Crawford. It was not what he said so much as the manner of awful solemnity he carried. Geordie was struggling conscientiously to keep his promise to "not be 'ard on the boys" and found considerable relief in remembering that he had agreed "to leave them the Almighty." But the manner of leaving them was so solemnly awful that I could not wonder that Slavin's superstitious Irish nature supplied him with supernatural terrors. It was the second day after the funeral that Geordie and I were walking toward Slavin's. There was a great shout of laughter as we drew near.

Geordie stopped short and, saying, "Well, jist jist in a nicuete," passed through the crowd and up to the bar.

"Michael Slavin," began Geordie, and the men stared in dead silence, with their glasses in their hands. "Michael Slavin, I promised the lad I'd leave ye 'ard on 'em, but jist leave ye the Almighty, an' I want to tell ye that I'm keepin' my word. 'ard. 'ard. 'ard. He raised his hand, and his voice became preternaturally solemn, "his hand is upon yer ban's. Do ye no see it?"

His voice rose sharply, and as he pointed Slavin instinctively glanced at his hands, and Geordie added:

"Aye, an' the Lord will require it o' ye an' yer house."

"They told me that Slavin shivered at it taken with awe after Geordie swore out, and though he laughed and swore, he did not stop drinking till he sank in a drunken stupor and had to be carried to bed. His little French Canadian wife could not understand the change that had come over her husband.

"He's like one dead," she said to Mrs. Mavor, to whom she was showing her baby of a year old. "He's not been one tam dis day. He's 'ard 'ard 'ard. He's not even look at de baby."

And this seemed sufficient proof that something was seriously wrong, for she went on to say:

"He's think more for dat leel baby dan for de whole worl'. He's think more for dat baby dan for me." But she shrugged her pretty little shoulders in deprecation of her speech.

"You must pray for him," said Mrs. Mavor, "and all will come right."

"Ah, madame," she replied earnestly, "every day, every day, I pray in sainte Vierge et tous les saints for him."

"You must pray to your Father in heaven for him."

"Ah, oui, I weel pray." And Mrs. Mavor sent her away bright with smiles and with new hope and courage in her heart.

She had very soon need of all her courage, for at the week's end her baby fell dangerously ill. Slavin's anxiety and fear were not relieved much by the reports the men brought him from time to time of Geordie's ominous forebodings, for Geordie had no doubt that the Avenger of blood was about upon Slavin's trail, and as the sickness grew he became confirmed in this conviction. While he could not be said to find satisfaction in Slavin's impending affliction, he could hardly hide his complacency in vindicating his theory of retribution.

But Geordie's complacency was somewhat rudely shocked by Mr. Craig's answer to this theory one day.

"You read your bible to little profit, it seems to me, Geordie, or perhaps you have never read the Master's teaching about the tower of Siloam. Better read that and take that warning to yourself."

Geordie gazed after Mr. Craig as he turned away and muttered:

"The tower o' Siloam, is it? Aye, I ken fine about the tower o' Siloam an' about the tower o' Babel as well, an' I've read, too, about the blasphemous Herod an' sic like. Mon, but he's a bel'ed hiddle an' lacks discretionation."

"What about Herod, Geordie?" I asked.

"About Herod?" with a strong tinge of contempt in his tone. "About Herod? Mon, he's no 'ard read in the Bible."

turs about Herod an' the wur-fins in the name o' him?"

"Oh, yea, I see," I hastened to answer.

"Aye, a fule can see what's slappin' in his face," with which bit of proverbial philosophy he suddenly left me. But I thought I might as well attend myself, in Mr. Craig's presence at least, with ominous head shakings, equally aggravating and impossible to answer.

That same night, however, Herod showed that with all his theories he had a man's true heart, for he came in haste to Mrs. Mavor to say:

"Yell be needed over yonder, I'm thinkin'."

"Why? Is the baby worse? Have you been in?"

"Na, na," replied Geordie cautiously: "I'll be gang where I'm no' wanted, but you purr thing ye can hear outside weel an' 'in' an' 'in'."

"She'll maybe need ye too," he went on dubiously to me. "Ye're a kin o' doctor, I hear," not committing himself to any opinion as to my professional value.

But Slavin would have none of me, having got the doctor sober enough to prescribe.

The interest of the camp in Slavin was greatly increased by the illness of his baby, which was to him as the apple of his eye. There were a few who, impressed by Geordie's profound convictions upon the matter, were inclined to favor the retribution theory and connect the baby's illness with the vengeance of the Almighty. Among these few was Slavin himself, and, goaded by his remorseful terrors, he sought relief in drink. But this brought him only deeper and fiercer gloom, so that between her suffering child and her savagely despairing husband the poor mother was desperate with terror and grief.

"Ah, madame," she sobbed to Mrs. Mavor, "my heart is broke for him. He's beet not for tree days, but jist dreenk, dreenk, dreenk."

The next day a man came for me in haste. The baby was dying, and the doctor was drunk. I found the little one in a convulsion lying across Mrs. Mavor's knees, the mother kneeling beside it, wringing her hands in dumb agony, and Slavin standing near, silent and suffering. I glanced at the bottle of medicine upon the table and asked Mrs. Mavor the dose and found the baby had been poisoned. My look of horror told Slavin something was wrong, and, striding to me, he caught my arm and asked:

"What is it? Is the medicine wrong?"

I tried to put him off, but his grip tightened till his fingers seemed to reach the bone.

"The dose is certainly too large. But let me go. I must do something."

He let me go at once, saying in a voice that made my heart sore for him, "He has killed my baby; he has killed my baby." And then he cursed the doctor with awful curses and with a look of such murderous fury on his face that I was glad the doctor was too drunk to appear.

His wife, hearing his curses and understanding the cause, broke out into willing hard to bear.

"Ah, mon petit ange! It is dat wheesky dat's keel mon baby. Ah, mon cheri, mon amour! Ah, mon Dieu! Ah, Michael! How often I say that wheesky he's no good thing."

It was more than Slavin could bear, and with awful curses he passed out.

Mrs. Mavor laid the baby in its crib, for the convulsion had passed away, and, putting her arms about the walling little Frenchwoman, comforted and soothed her as a mother might her child.

"And you must help your husband," I heard her say. "He will need you more than ever. Think of him."

"Ah, oui, I weel," was the quick reply, and from that moment there was no more weeping.

It seemed no more than a minute till Slavin came in again, sober, quiet and steady. The passion was all gone from his face, and only the grief remained.

As we stood leaning over the sleeping child the little thing opened its eyes, saw his father and smiled. It was too much for him. The big man dropped on his knees with a dry sob.

"Is there no chance at all at all?" he whispered, but I could give him no hope. He immediately rose and, pulling himself together, stood perfectly quiet.

A new terror seized upon the mother. "My baby is not—what you call it?" going through the form of baptism.

"An' he will not come to la sainte Vierge," she said, crowding herself.

"Do not fear for your little one," said Mrs. Mavor, still with her arms about her. "The good Saviour will take your darling into his own arms."

But the mother would not be comforted by this, and Slavin, too, was uneasy.

"Where is Father Goulet?" he asked.

"Ah, you were not good to the holy pere de la tan, Michael," she replied sadly. "The saints are not please for you."

"Where is the priest?" he demanded.

"I know not for sure. At de Landin, dat's lak."

"I'll go for him," he said.

But his wife clung to him, beseeching him not to leave her, and indeed he was loath to leave his little one.

I found Craig and told him the difficulty. With his usual promptness he was ready with a solution.

"Nixon has a tennu. He will go." Then he added: "I wonder if they would not like me to baptize their little one. Father Goulet and I have exchanged offices before now. I remember how he came to one of my people in my absence, when she was dying, read with her, prayed with her, comforted her and helped her across the river. He is a good soul and has no nonsense about him. Send for me if you think there is need. It will make no difference to the baby, but it will comfort the mother."

Nixon was willing enough to go, but

when he came to the door Mrs. Mavor saw the hard look in his face. He had not forgotten his wrong, for day by day he was still fighting the devil within that Slavin had called to life. But Mrs. Mavor, under cover of getting him instructions, drew him into the room. While I waited for his eyes to wander from me to the baby of a group till they rested upon the little white face in the crib. He noticed the change in his face.

"The fear the little one will never see the Saviour if it is not baptized," she said in a low tone.

He was eager to go.

"I'll do my best to get the priest," he said and was gone on his sixty mile race with death.

The long afternoon wore on, but before it was half gone I saw Nixon could not win and that the priest would be too late, so I sent for Mr. Craig. From the moment he entered the room he took command of us all. He was so simple, so unselfish, so tender, the hearts of the parents instinctively turned to him.

As he was about to proceed with the baptism the mother whispered to Mrs. Mavor, who hesitatingly asked Mr. Craig if he would object to using holy water.

"To me it is the same as any other," he replied gravely.

"Au" will he make the good sign?" asked the mother timidly.

And so the child was baptized by the Presbyterian minister with holy water and with the sign of the cross. I don't suppose it was orthodox, and it rendered chaotic some of my religious notions, but I thought more of Craig that moment than ever before. He was more man than minister, or perhaps he was so good a minister that day because so much a man. As he read about the Saviour and the children and the disciples who tried to get in between them, and as he told us the story in his own simple and beautiful way and then went on to picture the home of the little children and the same Saviour in the midst of them, I felt my heart grow warm, and I could easily understand the cry of the mother:

"Oh, mon Dieu, prenes moi anse, take me wiz mon mignon!"

The cry awakened Slavin's heart, and he said huskily:

"Oh, Annette, Annette!"

"Ah, oui, an' Michael too!" Then to Mr. Craig: "You tink he's tak me some day? Eh?"

"All who love him," he replied.

"An' Michael, too?" she asked, her eyes searching his face. "An' Michael, too?"

But Craig only replied, "All who love him."

"Ah, Michael, you must pray for him. He's garde notre mignon." And then she bent over the babe, whispering, "Ah, mon cheri, mon amour, adieu, adieu, mon ange!" till Slavin put his arms about her and took her away, for as she was whispering her farewell to her baby, with a little answering sigh, passed into the house with many roars.

"Whist, Annette, durling, don't cry for the baby," said her husband. "Shure it's better off than the rest of us it is. And didn't you hear what the minister said about the beautiful place it is? And sure he wouldn't lie to us at all."

But a mother cannot be comforted for her firstborn son.

An hour later Nixon brought Father Goulet. He was a little Frenchman with gentle manners and the face of a saint. Craig welcomed him warmly and told him what he had done.

"That is good, my brother," he said, with gentle courtesy, and, turning to the mother, "Your little one is safe."

Behind Father Goulet came Nixon softly and gazed down upon the little quiet face, beautiful with the magic of death. Slavin came quietly and stood beside him. Nixon turned and offered his hand, but Slavin, moving slowly back, said:

"I did you a wrong, Nixon, and it's a sorry man I am this day for it."

"Don't say a word, Slavin," answered Nixon hurriedly. "I know how you feel. I've got a baby too. I want to see it again. That's why the break hurt me so."

"As God's above," replied Slavin earnestly, "I'll hinder you no more."

They shook hands, and we passed out.

We laid the baby under the pines, not far from Billy Breen, and the sweet spring wind blew through the gap and came softly down the valley, whispering to the pines and the grass and the hiding flowers of the new life coming to the world. And the mother must have heard the whisper in her heart, for as the priest was saying the words of the service she stood with Mrs. Mavor's arms about her, and her eyes were looking far away beyond the purple mountain tops, seeing what made her smile. And Slavin, too, looked different. His very features seemed finer. The coarseness was gone out of his face. What had come to him I could not tell.

But when the doctor came into Slavin's house that night it was the old Slavin I saw, but with a look of such deadly fury on his face that I tried to get the doctor out at once. But he was half drunk, and his manner was hideously humorous.

"How do, ladies? How do, gentlemen?" was his loud voiced salutation. "Quite a professional gathering, clergy predominating. Lion and lamb too! Ha, ha! Which is the lamb, eh? Ha, ha! Very good! Awfully sorry to hear of your loss, Mrs. Slavin. Did our best, you know, can't help this sort of thing."

Before any one could move Craig was at his side and, saying in a clear, firm voice, "One moment, doctor," caught him by the arm and had him out of the room before he knew it.

Slavin, who had been crouching in his chair, with hands twitching and eyes glaring, rose and followed, still crouching as he walked.

I hurried after him, calling him back.

[CONTINUED.]



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AT HIS POST AGAIN.

DEPUTY COUNTY CLERK HIRAM SMEDLEY HAS RECOVERED.

Mr. Hiram Smedley is again on duty at the county court house after an absence of several months, occasioned by a severe spell of illness.

Mr. Smedley was taken ill in the early part of the summer of fever and was at the point of death several times. He went to Mont Eagle, Tenn., but was benefited little, returning home several weeks later. He steadily improved until today he is able to resume duty as deputy county clerk. His many friends will be pleased to learn of his recovery.

MARRY IN NASHVILLE.

YOUNG INSURANCE MAN IN PADUCAH TO WED THERE NEXT MONTH.

Yesterday's Nashville American announces the approaching marriage of Mr. John Barbour Gray, of Louisville, to Miss Mary Lanier Scruggs, of Nashville, on Tuesday evening November 18th at the home of the bride there. Mr. Gray is the young insurance man now in the city re-rating the town, and since he came to Paducah a few weeks ago has made a host of friends, who will be anxious to extend congratulations. His bride-to-be is a most charming young lady, and a member of one of Nashville's most prominent families.

DOING WELL.

PROF. WM. DEAL RECEIVES MANY COMPLIMENTS ON HIS ORCHESTRA.

Prof. Wm. Deal, leader of The Kentucky orchestra, has received many compliments of late on his orchestra and is pleased to learn that the class of music he plays is meeting with the approval of the public. He has programmed several pieces by request and his repertoire of pieces is rapidly increasing. He never plays the same piece the second night unless by special request, as he strives to always have a new program. The orchestra has improved wonderfully and is now much stronger than at first.

MARRIED YESTERDAY.

YOUNG MAN OF MARSHALL COUNTY WEDS HERE.

Mr. Horatio Marshall of Gilbertsville and Miss Lila Howard of near Tyler, Ky., a small suburb three miles out from town on the Benton gravel road, were yesterday married at the bride's home by Rev. Duncan of the city, and left immediately after the ceremony for the groom's home in Gilbertsville. Mr. Marshall is a prosperous young farmer and his bride is the daughter of a prominent farmer of this county and both have many friends who will extend to them congratulations.

CLERKS MET.

A PLEASING ADDRESS BY MISS LAMPHERE YESTERDAY.

Miss Emma Lamphere, of Denver, Col., was here yesterday and addressed the local Retail Clerks' Union. Miss Lamphere is the traveling business agent of the clerks' union and the meeting was called especially to hear her talk. The local union was found to be in the best of conditions and flourishing. There was no other business before the union. The attendance was unusually large.

KENTUCKY SYNOD.

REV. W. E. CAVE, OF THE CITY LEAVES FOR LEXINGTON TO ATTEND.

Rev. W. E. Cave expects to leave tomorrow to attend the meeting of the synod of Kentucky at Lexington. This will be an eventful week in the history of Kentucky Presbyterianism. The Northern and Southern Synods will unite in commemorating the centennial of the organization. Steps will also be taken towards the establishment of a female school to be under the joint control of the two synods.

SHOOTING IN THE COUNTY.

Residents of near Heath, this county, this afternoon reported to Sheriff Potter that there is a great deal of promiscuous shooting among the negroes working for the railroad company every day, and Saturday night some unknown negro was shot. The sheriff can do nothing except where warrants are sworn out.

AWAY FROM THE ORDINARY



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DOWN BY THE SEA TONIGHT.

Many comedy dramas have been seen on the local stage recently, but it can be truly said that none has come here more highly recommended than "Down by the Sea," the attraction billed for The Kentucky tonight. It is one of these true pictures of the pathos and reality of life. Full in sentiment and natural in plot and character delineation. On its recent presentation in Boston the production was the subject of no little comment on account of the uniform excellence of the players, and the performance was enjoyed and appreciated. The play will be presented here tonight with the same powerful company that was identified with the success of the original production. Many new and up to date specialties have been added and a most complete and interesting performance is assured. Seats are selling fast.

NOTICE TO PASSENGERS

Commencing October 8 and continuing during the evening services of the Sam Jones meetings passengers will be transferred both ways on the Union depot and Broadway cars. THE PADUCAH CITY RAILWAY.

BILL POSTERS TO MEET.

Mr. Joe Everich of the local bill posting firm went to Louisville at noon today to attend a meeting of the executive committee of the bill posting association of the state. The committee convenes tomorrow and business of much importance will be transacted.

One of Seven Wonders.

Wrexham parish church is known as one of the seven wonders of Wales. It dates as a structure from the fifteenth century, and is cathedral-like in its proportions. A "chained" Bible, now kept under lock and key, is among the curious relics, and beside it is a handsomely bound "visitors' book," sent by the students of Yale university, United States, for the use of Yale students visiting the church. In the churchyard is the tombstone of Elihu Yale, with its quaint epitaph. The Soldiers' chapel, which is entered through an exquisite arch, has a beautiful memorial window to the Welsh Fusiliers who have fallen in battle—Western Mail.

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